

P O E M S

BY

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DECEASED WIFE OF

C. C. BRUCE, ESQ., OF CALCUTTA;

RELICT OF

J. F. D'OYLY, ESQ., OF TIRHOOT;

AND DAUGHTER OF

THE LATE CAPTAIN H. E. PAGE,

FORT ADJUTANT, MONGHYR, EAST INDIES,

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Authoress of the following poems died in Calcutta, September 18th, 1845 ; aged 32 years, 4 months and 28 days. The dates affixed to many of the pieces will shew that a great part of them was composed at a very early period of life ; and the most of the remainder in a season of painful bereavement. This, together with the fact, that they were not written for the public eye, will no doubt insure for them a very indulgent perusal.

Though the subjects of the poems, and the mode of their treatment, will sufficiently indicate the sentiments of the writer, and the constitution of her mind, yet a few statements relative to her history and character, may not, for

the sake of those who were altogether ignorant of, or but partially acquainted with her, be deemed either irrelevant or superfluous. Somewhat spoiled, in her early days, by an over-indulgent, though a deeply pious father ; often flattered, on account of the beauty of her person and the quickness of her intellect, by injudicious friends ; accustomed to have all her wishes anticipated and gratified by those most nearly related to her ; and possessing a temperament naturally exciteable and ardent,—there was frequently a little too much spirit shewn when she was opposed ; too great a degree of sensitiveness exhibited when she thought herself misused ; too deep a despondency encouraged when the tide of sorrow set in upon her ; and sometimes a measure of volatility indulged which did not comport with her profession of the Christian faith. .But these were the excursions of her character, rather than her character itself. Tender, she soon yielded to contradiction ; forgiving, she quickly forgot any imagined mistreat-

ment ; really under the influence of religion, she was, for the most part, resigned and quiescent in affliction ; and penetrated with the solemnities of the gospel, her levities were often succeeded by periods of deep humiliation and remarkable seriousness.

Though singularly open and frank, yet it may, without hesitation, be affirmed, that she was not fully known to any but to her most intimate friends. Her excellencies were hidden from the eyes of the occasional spectator, while her blemishes were clearly exposed to his view. And this will fully account for the opinions that were sometimes formed of her by those whose acquaintance with her was but slight ; who, it may be, saw her only in companies where opportunities were afforded her of giving vent to her propensity for frivolity ; and who, from the structure and feelings of their own minds, were unable either to divine or to sympathize with hers. This is not mentioned here with the design

of either approving of, or of defending her : yea, she neither approved of, nor defended herself. When, as was sometimes the case, she was reminded by one or another of her Christian friends of her inconsistencies, she usually felt strongly at first ; but this soon gave way to an ingenuous confession of her error, and to an earnest entreaty for forgiveness. Most accurately has she, in the following lines, expressed the feelings which she was wont, on such occasions, to display :

“ Father ! I’ve been a wayward child,
 A wand’ring, a rebellious one ;
 In folly’s mazes oft been wil’d,
 From good averse, to evil prone :
 But thou with all my sins hast borne,
 With gentle hand applied the rod ;
 And though ’twas fitting I should mourn,
 Thou’rt gracious still ! For thou art God !”

With the exceptions now specified she was a most interesting person. Kind, she loved to see all comfortable around her. Generous, she was ever ready to contribute to the relief of

suffering humanity. And full of the amenities of life, she generally diffused happiness throughout the various circles into which she entered.

As she drew near the termination of her pilgrimage her mind was unusually clouded, attributable partly to the nature of her disease, partly to the medicines administered, and more particularly to a deep consciousness of her sins and short-comings. Her condemnations of herself were specific and strong; her prayers for forgiveness and sanctification were earnest and many; and her views of the way of mercy, through the righteousness and atonement of Christ alone, were clear and often-expressed. It may safely be asserted, that the last month or six weeks of her life, were spent principally in supplications at the throne of divine grace. Accustomed to pray aloud, and almost to meditate aloud, her devotional exercises and remarks were, at this time, deeply instructive and moni-

tory. Great, too, was the concern she shewed for the spiritual welfare of her children and of others connected with her ; strong was the affection she manifested towards all her relatives and friends ; and particularly delicate and kind were the attentions she lavished on her honored and widowed mother,—a mother who had been her sole instructress, and who, yet in the habiliments of mourning for a daughter who was one of the very excellent of the earth, was now called upon to close the eyes of her first-born and gifted child in death.

The above has been written by one who was intimate with the deceased, as well as with other members of her family, for the long period of twenty-one years ; and who also had often to share in the melancholy duty of being with her during her last days.

A. LESLIE.

Calcutta, March, 1846.

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TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE ORPHAN.

A LADY walked out at an early hour,
Her grief she sought to dispel ;
No stranger was she to its deadening pow'r,
For its pangs she felt full well.

Absorbed in thought she was hastening on
When a voice her ears did meet ;
Its plaintive softness her sympathy won :
She turn'd the speaker to greet.

“ Stop, stop, dear lady ! and O condescend
To list to the mourner's cry ;
In pity, sweet lady, your kindness extend,
Do not the hapless deny ! ”

The lady stopt, and she gazed on the child
 As her heart respons'd a sigh ;
 Both beauteous she was, and feeling, and mild,
 And a tear bedimm'd her eye.

“ Come hither poor child,” the lady replied,
 In tones of pity so deep ;
 “ Freely your griefs in my bosom confide,
 And say, why sadly you weep ?

“ Where is your father, and where is your home,
 And of sisters have you none ?
 Where is your mother, and why do you roam
 Thus mournfully and alone ?”

“ Sweet lady, alas ! no home have I now—
 Nor even one relative dear ;
 Unnoticed, unknown I wander below,
 Shedding full many a tear.

My father his child once fondly did bless,
 But now for ever he's fled !
 Now the victim of blighted happiness
 He sleeps with the pale cold dead !

And sorrow encircled my mother's brow,
 With her wan and sickly wreath,
 And she droop'd and droop'd till they laid her low,
 Enclosed in the arms of death !

Sweet sisters I had, but they too are gone,
 And strangers possess our home ;
 Far from my birth place, bereaved and alone,
 I've hither a wanderer come !

O could you now lady but condescend
 To sooth the poor orphan's woe ;
 The blessings of Heaven would richly descend,
 And want you never should know."

The lady so kind, benignantly smiled,
 Removed all her boding fears ;
 For ever each sorrow she sweetly beguiled,
 And wiped the sad orphan's tears.

1831.

THE DYING MISSIONARY,

MR. BOARDMAN.

'Twas twilight's witching hour—I wandered far,
And soon I stood beside a river clear ;
Here, while I mus'd and watch'd the rising star,
A thrilling melody stole on my ear :

Sweet voices were singing,
And the waves were ringing,
And zephyrs wafted the echo around.

The moon-beams glittered on the broad expanse,
The sparkling stars shot forth in brilliant train ;
Full soon I saw a fragile bark advance,
While more distinct became that lovely strain :

Sweet voices were singing,
And the waves were ringing,
And zephyrs wafted the echo around.

There was a holy man within that bark,
 A messenger of Christ, who dying lay ;
 He was passing then thro' death's valley dark,
 Not alone—the Saviour's arm was his stay :

Ah ! yes, he was dying,
 His spirit was flying
 To the glorious regions of “ endless day !”

O'er him in anguish she silently hung—
 His gentle wife—her babe wept on her breast :
 Ah ! who can tell how her fond heart was wrung,
 Yet, every murmur she meekly repress :

She knew he was dying,
 That his soul was flying
 To the glorious regions of “ endless day !”

His converts knelt round him—long had he wrought,
 And midst them toil'd—they triumph'd in his gain,
 And pondering in their hearts all he had taught,
 They thus reviv'd their sweetly solemn strain :—

“ Our leader is dying,
 His spirit is flying
 To the glorious regions of “ endless day !”

“ There’s mourning on earth, but there’s joy in heaven,
 Angels are hovering to bear thee safe home ;
 Go, brother, go ! tho’ our full hearts be riven,
 Glory awaits thee ! thy last hour is come !

Our quivering lips wail thee,
 But seraphs bright hail thee : ’

May many a rich gem thy temples adorn !

“ Thy voice hush’d in death we shall hear no more,
 Thy Master has call’d thee, thy work is done !
 Thy trials, watchings, and struggles are o’er,
 ‘ The battle is fought,’ and the laurel won !

Thou art gone, thou art gone !
 And thy spirit’s flown !

To the glorious regions of ‘ endless day ! ’ ”

THE MANIAC.

WHEN night’s increasing gloom enwraps the earth,
 And Luna sheds her pale cold beams,
 In that mysterious hour, when hush’d is mirth,
 And all in nature silent seems :

A fragile female form is seen to glide,
 With hurried steps of restless woe,
 Along the sandy beach, the sea beside,
 Where sharp and chill the breezes blow.

She wanders there till sombre night is sped,
 Full anxiously in fruitless quest ;
 Alas ! her fondest hopes are blighted—fled,
 And joy no more can cheer her breast.

Her once angelic form is bent with care ;
 Pre-eminently had she shone
 Among the beautiful, the graceful, fair ;
 But now her boasted charms are gone !

Her dove-like eyes—those orbs that once could beam
 With woman's fervent love and true,
 Now with a phrensied mournful wildness gleam,
 Unsoften'd by their natural dew.

But 'twas not ever thus—a time had been
 When bliss was her's without alloy ;
 When sorrow gazed not on the happy scene,
 Where all breath'd hope, and love, and joy.

Her husband fondly smiled, her babes carress'd,
 And bloomed like flowerets sweet around ;
 A calm unruffled reign'd within her breast,
 But dire reverses soon she found.

O where is he—the noble and the brave—
 Her husband, passionately loved ?
 The cypress and the weeping willow wave
 O'er the green sod where he's remov'd.

Her sportive babes, who tri'd with sunny smiles,
 And efforts innocently gay,
 To cheer her with a thousand little wiles
 Of lively prattle or of play :

They're gone alas ! hush'd are the sounds of glee ;
 Their frolics juvenile are o'er ;
 The laughing shouts that peal'd so merrily
 Are hush'd—Death bade them peal no more !

Yet 'one remain'd, one of that cherub train—
 But one of all her children dear—
 One link, sole relic of that brilliant chain,
 Which bound her spirit to this sphere.

The choicest flow'r was spar'd of her fair group,
 To win her from corroding care ;
 Like some bright star to shed a ray of hope
 O'er gloom which threaten'd dark despair.

Then with a tenser clasp was Ada twined
 Round every fibre of her heart ;
 And though her joys were wither'd—undermined,
 A balm she prov'd to ease the smart.

The soft endearments of her idol child
 Would soothe her grief's intensity ;
 And many an hour her Ada's sports beguiled—
 Hours pregnant with deep misery.

They quiet liv'd—unconscious of the blow
 Impending o'er that mother's head ;
 The fearful stroke which laid her reason low,
 And gave her Ada to the dead.

One eve, as was her wont, had Ada stray'd • ,
 To gather shells beside the sea ;
 A part full perilous, she undismay'd
 Trod over with temerity.

The sky was dense, with many a lurid cloud,
 An ireful tempest sudden rose ;
 One heedless step she took, then shriek'd aloud,
 As did the billows o'er her close.

None heard that agoniz'd mortal cry—
 Imbosom'd in the foaming surge ;
 She breath'd upon her rocking bed a sigh ;
 And the blast howl'd her funeral dirge.

But where was she,—the mother thus bereaved ?
 She waited long with drooping brow
 Her Ada's tardy steps—and her breast heaved
 With bodings sad of coming woe.

No Ada came. O, frantic then she grew,
 And wildly rush'd to the ocean's side,
 Where nought but roaring billows met her view,
 And to her groans and calls replied.

And awful soon became the lightning's play,
 And louder the loud thunder roll'd ;
 And mountain high the billows dash'd their spray,
 With raging fury uncontroll'd.

The concentrated horrors of that night
 Her rack'd soul e'en to madness wrought ;
 Her precious, only child, lost to her sight,
 She bitterly, yet vainly sought.

In that eventful night her reason fled ;
 No lucid moment has she known ;
 She nightly wanders out to seek the dead,
 But the cold corpse heeds not her moan.

Its spirit 's fled ! but a bright halcyon bird,
 Near that lone place still haunts the seas,
 And watchful mariners have often heard,
 Its still voice on the fitful breeze.

1832.

LUCY, OR THE BALL.

“ I’VE brought a casket, love, for you,
 Of gems full beautiful and rare ;
 The roseate ruby, sapphire blue,
 To sparkle in my Lucy’s hair.”

Maternal love beam'd in her eye ;
 She proudly clasp'd the jewell'd wreath,
 O'er locks that waved luxuriantly,
 In light and clustering curls beneath.

That mother idolized her child ;
 Her beautiful, her only one ;
 And her fond heart beat high and wild
 With hopes of honors to be won.

“ My Lucy why that heavy sigh ?
 Will not my darling go with me ?
 For once will she not gratify
 Her mother's pride in company ?

The evolutions of the dance,
 That fairy form would well display ;
 While many an admiring glance,
 Should own thee fairest of the day.”

“ Mother,” replied her dove-like child,
 With air of deep humility,
 In accents, sweet, persuasive, mild,
 And innocent simplicity :

“ My mother, urge me not I pray,
 Nor with fond looks entreat me so ;
 All your commands I'd fain obey,
 But to this ball I cannot go.

“ I cannot wear these brilliant gems,
 Their flashing lustre charms not me ;
 I'd prize not dazzling diadems,
 They ill become humanity.

“ And there is one—far dearer still
 Than my own mother, tender, kind,
 I must consult His holy will,
 And leave each earth-born thought behind.

“ He bids me shun these scenes so gay,
 And glittering vanities despise ;
 His high behests I must obey,
 His love and favor dearly prize.”

She paused awhile—then with meek grace
 She bent to hide the falling tear ;
 Methought, that lovely form and face
 Might well adorn a holier sphere.

“ Mother,” she said imploringly,
 As round her neck her arms she twined,
 And raised her soft blue, humid eye,
 “ Give up this ball my mother kind.

“ Your daughter’s travelling on to Heav’n,
Alone, sweet mother, must she go ?
 And must her aching heart be riv’n
 To leave you here ? Oh, say not so !”

Won by her child, that mother wept,
 And lowly bow’d her head in pray’r,
 From vain ambition to be kept,
 For grace against each dazzling snare.

Her daughter’s Saviour and her God,
 Became her portion and delight ;
 Thus hand in hand they sweetly trod
 The path that leads to regions bright.

Beyond you constellated dome
 Those radiant happy regions lie ;
 There is the saint’s celestial home
 Where joys seraphic never die !

A GRANDMOTHER'S TALE.

A LADY of noble mien
Sat silent in deep reverie ;
Tho' but the wreck of what she'd been,
Her face still beam'd benignantly.

Beside her sat a maiden fair,
All radiant with vivacity ;
Rich waved her locks of golden hair,
And pleasure sparkled in her eye.

“ Dear Grandmama ! I long to hear
The hist'ry of your early days ;
I've sometimes seen you shed a tear—
Has God been kind in all his ways ? ”

“ I love thee well my precious child,
But I have oft corrected thee
For tempers turbulent and wild ;
Has thy esteem declined for me ? ”

“ Or hast thou deem’d me harsh—unkind ?

No dear—I know what thou wouldst say
’Twas for thy good—and bear in mind
 That *trials* best God’s *love* display.

“ There was a time—long years ago,
 When I was blooming young and gay ;
 I never felt a pang or woe,
 Bright was the morning of my day.

“ They said I was surpassing fair ;
 The ‘ honied words’ of flattery,
 Where’er I went I heard them there,
 Well pleas’d, for they were sweet to me.

“ My father proudly smiled to see
 The incense offer’d at my shrine ;
 The adulation paid to me,
 As if I were of mould divine.

“ My mother spared no cost nor pains
 To decorate my person fair ;
 My brother gave his well earn’d gains
 To get me gems and jewels rare.

“ Rich lovers followed in my train,
 But vainly were their offers made ;
 My beauty won a nobleman,
 I fervently his love repaid.

“ I married him—and thus attain’d
 The summit of my highest aims ;
 Wealth, dazzling honors I obtain’d,
 To noble rank I now had claims.

“ I’ve sat at my own festal board
 Dispensing pleasure, wit and glee ;
 In social throngs I’ve been adored—
 Aye, even to idolatry.

“ Prosperity then on me smil’d,
 I cared for nothing but this world ;
 In dissipation’s vortex wild
 To spend my hours I headlong hurl’d.

“ But was I happy, dear ? Ah no !
 A still voice whisper’d I was wrong,
 And told me that my bliss below,
 My portion, all must end ere long.

“ Could I be happy then ? No ! no !

But soon He taught me—He—my God,
Dark sad vicissitudes to know,
And made me pass beneath his rod.

“ Days, weeks of restless agony,
Pass’d o’er my weary, fever’d head ;
No ray of comfort beam’d on me,
My props had fail’d—my hopes were fled.

“ I writh’d and struggled too, until
His goodness stood reveal’d to me ;
He taught me his own holy will,
In ways beyond my scrutiny.

“ I found a spring of happiness
In my Redeemer ;—at his feet
I learnt his saving power to bless,
And hold with him communion sweet.

“ I then experienc’d joy so pure,
Such as his own dear saints possess ;
Their peace for ever doth endure,
Earth may not mar their blessedness.

“ And now I’ve nearly reach’d the years
 Allotted to humanity ;
 These eyes have blinded been with tears.
 Shed over many a broken tie.

“ My hair is blanch’d, old age is drear,
 But God is kind and faithful still,
 His promises my spirit cheer,
 And while He’s nigh I dread no ill.

“ Oh ! I’ll adore my gracious God
 With my last breath—with my last sigh ;
 I’ll bless him for his chastening rod,
 Then lay me down and peaceful die.”

1840.

THE WIDOW.

SHE sat in pensive attitude
 Beneath a shady tree ;
 Her head droop’d o’er her lily-hands,
 In mournful reverie.

I knew her not, but felt she was
 Affliction's sorrowing child ;
 And tender sympathy for her
 My own sad thoughts beguil'd.
 Her weeds and sable garb revealed
 Such deep and cherished woe,
 As those alone who've wrung the cup
 Of bitter grief can know.

Poor stricken thing ! she sat alone,
 From din of voices far ;
 And on the flowery turf beside
 There lay her small guitar.
 I watch'd her long with interest deep,
 In contemplative mood,
 Unheeding time, as if enchain'd
 To that romantic wood.
 At length she rais'd her head, and now
 Appeared her mournful face,
Calm, pale, but yet most beautiful !
 There was angelic grace.

About that form—her locks hung wild
 With an unstudied care :

I watched her snowy hand put back
 The long dishevell'd hair,
 Take up that instrument which had
 So long full silent lain,
 And strike its chords—when in sweet notes
 Arose a plaintive strain.
 Her voice was soft, and low, and sweet ;
 And woman's tenderness
 Burst forth in these few simple words
 That sorrow might express :—

“ I think on thee ! I think on thee !
 And feel as if my heart would break ;
 I call to mind thy truth to me,
 With many a bitter pang and ache :
 O never canst thou bless me more !
 No friend like thee I e'er shall meet ;
 And my lone spirit must deplore
 The loss of our communion sweet.

“ I think on thee ! I think on thee !
 Far, dearer far, than India's gold
 Was thy own fervent love to me—
 That love which now in death is cold :

My throbbing head finds no repose
 Like that it found upon thy breast ;
 The bitter tear unheeded flows,
 None seeks to soothe this heart oppress.

“ I think on thee ! I think on thee !
 The happy hours which fled so fast ;
 And nothing now remains to me
 But aye to weep o’er all the past :
 I scarcely knew what sorrow meant,
 Till I was called to part with thee ;
 Till the dear bonds were sever’d—rent,
 Which render’d life so sweet to me.

“ I think on thee ! I think on thee !
 My bosom friend ! my own belov’d !
 And thro’ my mournful destiny,
 (Tho’ far alas ! thou art remov’d,)
 This yearning, clinging, faithful heart,
 Which found in thee felicity,
 Shall never with thy memory part !
 Ah no belov’d ! I’ll think on thee !”

She ceased her song and pass’d away,
 I saw her ne’er again ;

But Oh, her form still haunts mine eye-
 That soft and witching strain
 Still vibrates sweetly on mine ear ;
 Methought that melody
 Was more congenial far to me
 Than shouts of revelry—
 The joyous songs of buoyant hearts—
 The laughing notes of mirth,
 Since woe alas ! is stampt on all
 The fairest things of earth !

1840.

THE DEATH OF SWARTZ.

It is related of the Rev. F. C. Swartz, late Missionary at Tanjore, that “ he was lying apparently lifeless, when Ger-
 rické, a worthy fellow-labourer in the service of the same socie-
 ty, who imagined that the immortal spirit had fled, began to
 chaunt over his remains a stanza of the favorite hymn which
 used to soothe and elevate him in his life time. The lines
 were finished without a sign of sympathy or recognition from

the still form before him ; but when the last clause was over, the voice which had been supposed to be hushed in death took up the second stanza of the same hymn, completed it with distinct utterance, and then was heard no more !”

EACH step was silently treading the room,
 Deep mourning around prevail'd ;
 And the stifled sob and the aspects of gloom
 Might the worldling's heart have quail'd.

For to him 'tis sad, O 'tis sad to die,
 To leave this beautiful scene ;
 But the saint contemplates eternity
 With a mind composed—serene.

The sun of his days illumines the hour,
 When his earthly course doth end ;
 And radiant spirits invested with power,
 From the viewless world attend :

And they whisper to him of joys unseen
 Unheard of by mortal ear :
 Oh, earth ! thou hast nothing, full well I ween,
 The passing spirit to cheer !

The dying saint lay, most tranquilly lay,
 For his hopes of heaven were bright ;
 And a holy smile, in its lingering play,
 Repass'd on his features white.

They gaz'd on his marble-like brow and wept,
 (O may not the mourning weep ?)
 O'er the loving and lov'd they vigil kept,
 As in death he seemed to sleep.

Cold, cold is the hand that oft relieved
 The wants of the suffering poor ;
 And the heart that e'er in sympathy heav'd,
 Not a pang may now endure.

But hark ! what sweet music is floating there,
 In the dark chamber of death ;
 Its vanishing cadence melts in the air,
 As still'd now is every breath.

And lo ! from the lips of him they thought dead,
 The same sweet notes are bursting ;
 But they die away—the spirit is fled,
 On its Redeemer trusting.

1832.

AMY VERNON,

(SUBJECT TAKEN FROM AN HISTORICAL PROSE PIECE
WHICH APPEARED IN THE “AMULET” FOR 1828.)

'Twas Eve's decline—the vesper bell had rung,
And haughty heads bow'd down to pray ;
Full soon their beads were told, their hymns were sung,
Then to the court they hied away.

The palace stood, magnificent—alone,
Array'd in grandeur's richest sheen ;
And Popish priest, and nobles one by one,
And fawning courtiers here convene.

A flood of dazzling light around them shone,
But blaz'd not on a festal throng ;
Nor mirth was here, nor laugh, of smiles not one,
Nor music-breathing chords, nor song.

The massive doors gave way,—a train drew nigh,
 And foremost stept the stately queen,—
 In gems and ermine robe, with flashing eye,
 A haughty and unbending mien.

'Twas England's Mary of unenvied fame,
 Who had imbrued her hands with blood ;
 And now to seal a maiden's fate she came,
 In wonted sanguinary mood.

She darted round an eager glance and keen,
 It rested on a youthful form ;
 But in the regal aspect nought was seen
 Save ire, dark omen of a storm.

Rude hands had the heroic Amy brought,
 Who was of heresy accus'd ;
 At this tribunal she no mercy sought,
 For surely 'twould have been refused.

A deep-toned voice the stillness broke and told,
 How as a martyr she appear'd ;
 That tortures fail'd to daunt her spirit bold,
 For save her Maker, none she fear'd.

And the dark gathering shade on Mary's brow,
 As round her a low murmur rose ;
 Reveal'd her unrelenting purpose now,
 To consummate her victim's woes.

But in calm dignity the maiden stood,
 Her lofty soul betray'd no fear ;
 Prepar'd to bleed, to wade thro' death's cold flood,
 She shudder'd not, nor shed a tear.

O she was beautiful ! her station high !
 Had courted been, ador'd, carest ;
 But left her brilliant sphere without a sigh,
 For him she lov'd—the Saviour blest.

What was the world to her ? Its honours what ?
 Compar'd with his transcendant love ;
 That love was hers, and glorious was the thought
 Which rais'd her heaven-born hopes above.

She turn'd towards the queen her soft meek eye,
 Awaiting firmly her sad doom ;
 While sorrow for her cruel destiny
 Was shrouding many a heart in gloom.

At this suspense a piercing shriek and loud,
 Their terrified attention drew ;
 The whilst a struggling form broke thro' the crowd,
 And frantically to Amy flew.

“ I’ve found thee ! ha, ha ! I’ve found thee at last !
 But they told me I had no child !
 They told me—but the hideous vision’s past !”
 She paus’d, then bitterly she smil’d :

And to her throbbing heart she claspt her child,
 And with unutterable woe,
 She murmur’d out in broken words and wild,
 Her deathless love in whispers low.

Convulsively poor Amy’s bosom heav’d ;
 She sunk on the maternal breast—
 That mother now of reason, sense bereav’d,
 Her folding arms with anguish prest.

Fast roll’d the tears adown her pallid cheek,
 She could not calmness lost regain ;
 “ Mother !” was all her quivering lips could speak,
 As she embrac’d her o’er again.

“ Hush, hush ! breathe not that word ! but where art
 O wherefore art thou staying here ? [thou ?
 Why doff’ d thy silken robe ?—why droops thy brow ?
 Why sweet one ! falls the burning tear ?”

Again she paus’d, then gaz’d upon the queen ;
 Upon the group that gathered near ;
 “ Speak, darling speak ! O what does all this mean ?
 And who are these assembled here ?”

“ Thy Sovereign !” an appalling voice replied,
 “ Woman ! my power dost thou not fear ?
 My mandates are obey’d both far and wide,
 Methinks my due is reverence here.”

“ The queen ! the queen !” the maniac shriek’d again—
 “ For mercy then ’tis vain to sue ;
 Ah woe is me ! her mercy none obtain—
 No mercy in the queen I view.

“ They told me once this tale when I was young :
 A mariner adjured the sea ;
 Wreck’d on its waves the ocean vast he rung,
 With wailings of deep agony.

“ The sea no mercy shew’d,—and my appeal
Has been as vain—no hope appears !
The queen ! for the heart-broken can she feel ?
What knows she of a mother’s tears ?”

Her accents passionate now died away ;
She stood there like some statue fair,
So pale, and cold ! each feature lost its play,
Transfixed in rigid mute despair.

The warrant brought, and quickly seal’d their doom,
They side by side lie in their rest ;
And many tears have hallow’d the lone tomb
Of the noble pair for ever blest !

1840.



FOR MY CHILDREN.

LITTLE FRANK'S BIRTH-DAY.

THIS is my birth-day, mother dear !
How happy I shall be !
Already I kind voices hear
Congratulating me.

And many pretty gifts I'll have,
And many a pretty toy ;
But first from you a boon I crave—
O bless your little boy !

Lay on my head your gentle hand,
And of the Saviour pray,
That I among his chosen band
May be enrolled this day.

You weep, my darling mother ! why
 That deeply meaning look ?
 Thy quivering accent, tearful eye—
 Ah ! these I cannot brook.

“ My child ! my own ! my precious one !
 I clasp thee to my breast !
 I bow before God’s holy throne,
 With feelings deep oppress.

“ God bless thee darling ! May he mould
 Thy heart and mind anew !
 May he admit within his fold
 My little lambkin too !

“ O Saviour ! when in bright array,
 Thy gems resplendent shine,
 Among the jewels thou’lt display,
 Own this dear child of mine !

“ Then when triumphant praises swell
 The choral lays above ;
 My child in sweetest strains shall tell
 The glories of thy love.”

GOOD WISHES.

I wish I were a gentle child,
From wayward tempers free ;
In my deportment gracious, mild ;
Blest with humility.

I wish that like the lily's hue,
My mind were spotless—fair ;
That nurtur'd by celestial dew,
I might yield virtues rare.

I wish that from the stains of sin,
My heart were purified ;
That all were artless truth within,
And I were sanctified.

I wish some spirit from above,
To teach me songs would deign ;
Songs of ethereal holy love,
A rapture-breathing strain.

I would I pinions had to fly,
 Beyond this hemisphere ;
To breathe with angel bands on high,
 Heav'n's own pure atmosphere.

I wish to view that dazzling light,
 Which there effulgent shines ;
The golden streets that glitter bright,
 With gems from unknown mines.

I wish, O how I wish to see—
 To love him evermore,
That blessed one who died for me,
 And his high name adore.

I wish—I wish—but wishing's vain—
 O Lord ! vouchsafe me grace,
To strive with fervor to obtain
 Among thy saints a place.

~~~~~

TO MY DEAR LITTLE HANNAH,  
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH-DAY,  
SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1841.

I HAIL thy natal day, my love,  
    With sadden'd, but a grateful heart ;  
O may the Highest from above,  
    His dearest gifts to thee impart.

Think on his goodness, and review  
    His mercies manifold and kind ;  
Praise him my child—O praise him too,  
    With thy concentr'd powers of mind.

And wilt thou not from this time cry, .  
    Be thou my father and my guide ?  
And lift a supplicating eye  
    Towards his grace, so vast, so wide ?

Your infantine and cherub face,  
    No mournful shade yet wears ;  
That blooming dimpling cheek no trace,  
    But aye of laughter bears :—

Yet learn to pray—God hears in heaven  
    Make him your childhood's friend ;  
To those who “ask it shall be given :”  
    On this his word depend.

Ask him to make you good and mild,  
    Your naughty heart so pure,  
That you may love him whilst a child,  
    And happiness secure.

Sweet are the joys which Jesus gives,  
    That holy glorious one,  
Who every willing child receives—  
    Whose death its pardon won.

Then bend your knee, my darling boy,  
    Ere days of sickness come ;  
Ere worldly cares your mind annoy,  
    Think on your heavenly home ;—

Where—when your passing life is o'er,  
 And cold your sparkling eye :  
 When you can laugh and play no more,  
 You'll live beyond the sky.

1840.

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ACROSTIC.

---

HAVE mercy, O my God, upon my darling child,  
 And bear her safely thro' each threatening danger wild :  
 No pow'r but thine can save from sin's destructive sway,  
 Nor other pow'r can guide her feet in Zion's way :  
 A father's guardianship for her I now implore ;  
 Have mercy on my orphan child—I ask no more.

If now a widow'd mother's pray'r may reach thine ear,  
 And draw a sacred blessing on a child so dear ;  
 No earth's distinctions proud would I for her desire—  
*Eternal bliss* is all to which I would aspire.



Divine Redeemer ! blessed, bleeding Lamb of God !  
O plunge my child beneath thy sin-atoning blood :  
Yet one request—her infant mind O *now* renew,  
Let her be lowly, gentle, and submissive too,  
Yielding to all thy will, may she life's paths pursue.

1840.

### FOR LITTLE HANNAH.

THEY say I am an orphan child—  
O God ! my father wilt thou be ?  
No earthly father on me smiled,  
But I am taught to look to thee.

My mother tells me thou art kind,  
And pitying to the fatherless ;  
O God ! thy favor let me find,  
And the poor orphan deign to bless.

'Teach me to love and worship thee,  
With filial fondness and with fear ;  
My faithful guardian kindly be,  
While I an orphan sojourn here.

ADDRESSES  
TO  
FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

---

TO MY BROTHER IN ENGLAND.

---

My Henry, how long appears the time,  
Since we saw thee last !  
Since thou hast been in a distant clime,  
Long is the time past !

Often my brother we think on thee,  
With affection deep ;  
On Edward and John, tho' far they be,  
And oftentimes weep.

But tho' from us thou hast been parted,  
Yet, a friend is near ;  
A friend who soothes the broken-hearted,  
Wiping the sad tear.

Dost thou, my brother, think on this friend ?

To Him dost thou pray ?

Oh Henry ! on him for all depend,

Walking in his way.

An orphan thou art ! no father e'er

Will call thee his own ;

Far from thy home—from thy mother dear,

With thy brothers lone.

But wouldst thou a father wish to find,

Then go to this friend ;

And a father to thee—O most kind,

He'll prove to the end.

O go with thy brothers, Henry, go

To this friend above,

And say, " Our father guide us below,

And grant us thy love."

With sorrow sincere thy sins confess,

Forgiveness entreat ;

Ask for the robe of righteousness,

Of Jesus complete.

Then, Henry, such peace, sweet peace thou'lt have  
 As earth cannot give ;  
 With joy thou'lt descend to the grave,  
 In heaven thou'lt live.

1831.

### IMPROMPTU TO M-

My friend ! I venture to address,  
 These simple lines to thee ;  
 In them my feelings I'll express,  
 And hope thy sympathy.

The name of *Sister* is most sweet ;  
 There's something in that word,  
 When sister's hearts with kindness meet,  
 That pleasure must afford.

Thou hast bestow'd on me, my friend,  
 The name of " sister " dear ;  
 But wilt thou love me to the end,  
 Tho' I be far or near ?

O love me till my latest breath ;  
 Still call me “ sister dear ;”  
 And when these eyes are clos’d in death,  
 O shed a sister’s tear.

E’en when I’m gone, my mem’ry love,  
 And o’er it drop a tear ;  
 Then when we’ve flown to heav’n above,  
 We’ll meet as sisters there.

1831.



INSCRIBED TO M—— A——.



How often does mem’ry wing back its way,  
 To the scenes and things of a long past day ;  
 What sweet recollections it brings to mind,  
 And often emotions of a painful kind :

Shall I forget them ? Never ! Oh never !

And sometimes I think on childhood’s fair day ;  
 How blithe we were, and how sportively gay ;

How merry our frolics, I remember well ;  
 And simple the stories we loved to tell :  
     Shall I forget them ? Never ! Oh never !

And when I reflect on my riper years,  
 How bitter the thoughts that force from me tears :  
 Alas ! in those days—happy days—there was one,  
 A being we loved—but now he is gone !  
     Can I forget him ? Never ! Oh never !

And often I think on the fleet passing day,  
 When in converse with thee, time flies away ;  
 This converse may cease, for soon I may die ;  
 Shouldst thou survive me—in dust when I lie,  
     Wilt thou forget me ? Never ! Oh never !

Wherever on earth my lot may be cast,  
 I'll think on the days—the hours that are past ;  
 My mother—my sisters—and my sweet home,  
 On thee my loved friend—where'er I roam :  
     Shall I forget thee ? Never ! Oh never !

## TO MY MOTHER.

Oh ! can I repay ? no ! never ! Oh never !

Thy goodness, my mother, to me ;  
Such has it been, that I'll cherish forever,  
The gratitude that's due to thee.

From infancy up to youth, hast thou cherish'd  
With kindest of solitudes :  
Thy goodness to me has never diminish'd,  
Even through life's vicissitudes.

How can I ever, my mother, repay ?  
And how my gratitude express ?  
Ah ! no, 'tis impossible ; but still I'll pray,  
Th' Almighty my mother to bless.

May the blessing of Heav'n for ever attend thee,  
My mother, and my dearest friend :  
And may the Almighty for ever befriend thee,  
And love thee even to the end.

---

TO MY SISTER JANE,  
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH-DAY,  
OCTOBER 22, 1831.

THIS morn the day has usher'd in,  
That gave thee birth, dear Jane ;  
With wishes it will now begin,  
That it may come again.

What shall I wish thee, say, my Jane --  
This world's transient pleasures ?  
Its honours or its friendships vain ?  
Or its dearest treasures ?

Ah, no ! for thou the wish wouldst spurn ;  
They are not worth thy care :  
Thou wouldst from such vain baubles turn,  
To seek a gem more dear.



I'll wish thee what thou'lt value more  
 Than all this world can give—  
 May'st thou when time itself is o'er,  
 In regions heavenly live.

May'st thou trials here enduring,  
 Be faithful to the end ;  
 Then a glorious crown receiving,  
 To Jesus' arms ascend.

This is my prayer—my wish sincere—  
 Accept it with my love :  
 May this day now, my sister dear,  
 A happy birth-day prove.

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### FORGET ME NOT:

ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER.

• WHEN friends that love prepare to part,  
 How many a deeply painful thought,  
 And gloomy feeling fills each heart,  
 As each exclaims, “ forget me not !”

So too I'd say—by those full dear  
 Ah ! who could wish to be forgot ?  
 The thought alone is hard to bear,  
 Then, mother dear, “ forget me not !”

Oh ! in the calm, the holy hour  
 That you to God and prayer allot,  
 Kneeling before th' Almighty Pow'r,  
 In that blest hour “ forget me not.”

And, mother dear, where'er I go,  
 On earth whatever be my lot,  
 On me your blessings still bestow,  
 In life, in death, “ forget me not.”

1835.

## FAREWELL LINES

TO MR. AND MRS. G. W. B.

Few are the kindred hearts we meet,  
 In this bleak dreary world below ;  
 Few that with warm affection beat,  
 With kindly feelings overflow.

And if perchance sweet friendship bless,  
 And with its halo crown our lot ;  
 Yet something mars our happiness,  
 And love is still with sorrow fraught.

You go, dear friends, your destiny  
 Now draws you to a distant shore ;  
 You'll traverse soon the rolling sea,  
 And your departure we deplore.

O may the " God of blessing " shine  
 Upon you as your way you wend ;  
 And may his grace and love benign,  
 Your chequer'd life and death attend.

The time is come when we must say,  
 Adieu, beloved friends, adieu :  
 Forget us not when far away,  
 And we shall aye remember you.

1840.

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**INVITATION TO AN AQUATIC EXCURSION :****ADDRESSED TO SEVERAL LADIES AND MR. L.****SEPTEMBER 1840.**

---

**THE** azure sky so clear and bright,  
The coolness of the ambient air,  
**TO** woo us out their charms invite,  
Then come away now ladies fair !

**O** come ! our fairy bark will glide,  
On Gangá's noble far-fam'd stream ;  
And borne along its rapid tide,  
Of sweetest, fairest things we'll dream.

**WE'**ll gaze upon the glorious scene, •  
That bursts on our admiring view ;  
**THE** lofty hills in robes of green,  
Fair landscapes clad in richest hue.

The setting sun will fling a glow  
 Of his own crimson sheen among  
 The graceful trees, that droop full low,  
 And sweep us as we pass along.

O come ! and we'll beguile an hour,  
 In converse on the rippling wave,  
 And woo sweet zephyr's magic pow'r,  
 To lull the thoughts we may not crave.

Our bark is waiting—come away !  
 And come with us our pastor dear ;  
 The day is waning—do not stay—  
 Come—and our restless spirits cheer.



## DEFENCE OF WOMEN :

ADDRESSED TO SEVERAL GENTLEMEN WHO WERE  
 VAUNTING THE SUPERIORITY OF THEIR OWN  
 SEX OVER " WOMANKIND."



YE " lords of the creation !" hear  
 One of my humble lays :  
 I'll strike my harp to woman dear,  
 And sing her well-earn'd praise.

Your lordly heads you proudly rear,  
 Denying woman's claim  
 To move with you in equal sphere,  
 Of dignity and fame.

Recall your helpless infancy—  
 Who fed and cherish'd you  
 With meek devoted constancy,  
 With gentle love and true?

Your vigor, health, and many a good  
 To woman's care you owe;  
 And to her fond solicitude  
 Your comforts all below.

To noble woman it is given  
 Chief instrument to be  
 In training youthful minds for heaven:  
 Your honor'd *teacher's* she.

*Protectress*, safest *guide* and *friend*,  
 To you has woman been;  
 And as life's dreary path you wend,  
 She strews with flowers the scene.

When sickness lays your proud heads low,  
 You lean upon her care ;  
 A “ministering angel” here below,  
 Is woman good and fair.

And she in her exalted sphere,  
 Still binds you in her chains :  
 Vain man ! while you her fetters wear,  
 Abjure your vaunting strains.

1840.

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WRITTEN FOR MISS A—— G——  
 AS A BIRTHDAY OFFERING AT HER OWN REQUEST.

---

THIS is thy natal day, dear Anne !  
 What shall I wish thee ? Say—  
 All that can cheer life’s narrow span,  
 For every *good* I’ll pray.

I will not wish thee treasures rare—  
 They may not yield thee bliss ;  
 And pleasures all are fraught with care,  
 In such a world as this.

Ask those in giddy vortex whirl'd,  
 If they know aught of peace ;  
 Their hopes all centred in this world,  
 They think not life must cease.

Yet onward borne—life's rolling stream  
 Leads surely on to death :  
 What will they do who only dream,  
 While fleeting is their breath ?

But, Anne, beyond yon welkin blue  
 Where happy regions lie,  
 Are treasures stored so pure and true ;  
 They may not fade or die.

And there are dazzling diadems,  
 And bridal robes of white ;  
 From mines beyond our ken are gems,  
 That flash with lustre bright.

For whom ? for all who truly crave  
 A Saviour's love to know ;  
 Who flee to Him who died to save  
 Their souls from fearful woe.



Ah ! canst thou think upon such love,  
And yet thy heart withhold ?  
Oh, Annie ! fix thy hopes above,  
Nor careless be nor cold.

And in the days of sunny youth,  
Seek to this heavenly Friend ;  
He'll bless thee, Anne, in very truth,  
And love thee to the end.

I'll wish thee now the sacred joys  
Reserv'd for saints on high ;  
No sin distracts—no care alloys  
Their deep felicity.

O may our God thy footsteps guide !  
Soon life must terminate ;  
Then all thou hast, whate'er betide,  
To Him now dedicate.

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**FAREWELL LINES**

**TO MR. AND MRS. L., ON THEIR DEPARTURE  
FOR ENGLAND, IN JANUARY 1841.**

---

**WE part, beloved friends ! we part !**

**But shall we ever meet again ?**

**Oh ! many fears unbidden start,**

**To wring my swelling breast with pain.**

**O Mary Anne ! my sister dear !**

**My childhood's earliest, dearest friend !**

**The bitter thought I cannot bear,**

**That our communion here may end.**

**May end ! Ah, no ! this may not be !**

**Nor time nor clime can break the tie,**

**• That binds my faithful heart to thee ;**

**We'll still be friends or far or nigh.**

Beloved Pastor ! soon return,  
To your sad flock now sorrowing here ;  
Your absence will it deeply mourn,  
And feel the loss of precepts dear.

Your holy counsels blent with love,  
Your prayers, your acts of friendship true,  
Can never from our hearts remove,  
Those hearts that fondly cling to you.

Friends ever dear ! in weal and woe,  
Who've shared with us our griefs and cares,  
In distant lands—where'er you go,  
Still bear us in your hearts and prayers.

Tho' mournful thoughts my bosom swell,  
For our re-union yet I'll pray :  
Farewell, beloved friends ! farewell,  
Forget us not when far away.

~~~~~

TO MY DEAR SISTER JANE,
ON HER BRIDAL DAY, 24TH MARCH, 1841.

—

A GARLAND I will weave for thee,
Of flowerets wild and rare :
The symbol sweet of constancy,
Shall be conspicuous there :

The lily, type of purity,
The orange-blossom white,
I'll blend in sweet variety,
With Bussora roses bright.

And every flower—our country's pride,
I'll bind with ribbons blue ;
Fit off'ring for a happy bride,
Whose love is pure and true.

And thou the fragrant wreath wilt twine'
Around thy blushing brow ;
No coronet so fair could shine,
Or lend so rich a glow.

And while it decks each silken tress,
 And friends lov'd smile on thee ;
 "Our father's God ! My sister bless !"
 My fervent pray'r shall be.

TO _____, ESQ.

IN REPLY TO A RHYMING EPISTLE.

YOUR invitation, my good Sir,
 Does honor on myself confer :
 'Twill real pleasure me afford,
 To make one at your festal board,
 On our friend "Stella's" natal day,
 When our devoirs to her we'll pay.
 Of odoriferous flowerets rare,
 We'll weave a chaplet bright and fair,
 For the dear mistress of the scene,
 And crown her of our *hearts* the Queen !
 Now, short in town will be my stay,
 For soon I'll fly far, far away—
 On wings of love to sweet Monghyr,
 My childhood's home—my mother dear—

My darling sister—birds and flowers—
My garden fair—and sunny bowers.

The interval I would improve
In the society I love—
Of those who've shewn me kindness here,
For whom I'll shed full many a tear.
Dear me! how fast my pen runs on!
But two lines more, and I have done.
My best regards I offer you,

And I remain—you well know who. .

1841.

TO A FRIEND ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
HIS BIRTH-DAY, WRITTEN AT REQUEST.

I WELCOME this eventful day,
Of interest deep to you,
With kindly feelings from a heart,
That beats to friendship true.
My wishes are no idle words,
For, I dear Sir, will pray,
That He who owns creation vast,
May bless you on this day!

May bless you—not with golden stores,
 Nor treasures of this earth ;
 They may not yield felicity—
 They are of nothing worth :
 For many a brow of care we see,
 'Neath circling diadems ;
 And many a bosom's rack'd with pain,
 Bedeck'd with lustrous gems.

We seek for flow'rs, and find but thorns,
 In this bleak vale of life ;
 And disappointments, agonies,
 And mournings here are rife.
 'Tis not in worldly friendships that
 Humanity can rest ;
 The selfish worldling turns away
 From his "dear friend" distress.

But of the Highest I'll implore,
 Transcendent gifts for thee ;
 The gift of his own Spirit pure—
 Heaven's deep felicity :
 A peace of mind earth cannot give—
 Earth may not take away ;

The blessings of redeeming love—
 For these rich boons I'll pray.

Tho' trials may assail you now,
 And sorrow be your lot,
 In the fair bowers of Paradise,
 Oh ! may they be forgot.
 My pray'rs, dear Sir, you may command
 In every weal and woe ;
 And kindly friendly sympathy
 Full gladly I'll bestow.

TO MY BELOVED SISTER MARY,
 ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH-DAY,
 5TH FEBRUARY, 1842.

Be blessings on thy bonny head !
 Sweet sister, I will pray ;
 Like showers of dew be blessings shed,
 To cheer thee on thy way.

The blessings of the Lord Most High,
 The God of love and truth,
 Whom thou hast serv'd and worshipp'd,
 From the spring-tide of thy youth :

The blessings of thy mother on
 Her gentle duteous child,
 Who has her valued solace been,
 And oft her woes beguil'd :
 The blessings of thy sisters who
 From days of childhood's glee,
 Have in their sports, and griefs, and joys,
 A sharer found in thee :

The blessings of thy brothers dear
 Who ever can depend
 On thee as prudent counsellor,
 A tender faithful friend :
 The blessings of the mourners who've
 Thy sympathies received,
 Of the needy, sick and destitute,
 Whose wants thou hast relieved :

And may each revolving year,
 Yield yet increasing bliss,

Until to holier, happier climes
 Thou art removed from this.
 Sweet sister ! can I wish thee more ?
 Art thou not fondly bless'd ?
 Oh ! garner up as treasures each
 Dear blessing in thy breast.



JANE'S CAT.

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF JUVENILE FRIENDS.



SIX times six the moon did wane,
 And then my life was o'er ;
 I took my leave of dear kind Jane,
 And slept to wake no more.

And so I died—and as is meet,
 I lie bencath the sod ;
 And Jane did for me sorely greet,
 Which you'll allow was odd.

A life so wonderful I passed !

Two months with my “grand-dad ;” *
He starved me oft—and made me fast,
Till I was nearly mad.

Ye ken—my “grand-dad” was a body,
A wee bit *over* good ;
The mischief-loving cruel laddie,
Stinted my daily food.

At length he gave me o’er to Jane,
And much she loved and pleas’d me :
But woe is me ! I suffer’d pain
When Molly slapt and teas’d me.

From morning’s early dawn till e’en,
She gave me many a blow ;
No peace—no peace I e’er had seen—
My heart was full of woe.

To stuff me was the chit’s delight,
With many a dainty dish ;

* Pussy’s first owner was playfully yclept “Pussy’s grand-dad !”

Both fat I grew—and lost my sight
From eating Hilsa fish !

She stuff'd me till my heart was sore ;
Till it was broken too :
I sighed—I groan'd—alas ! what more,
Could hapless Pussy do ?

This brought me to an awful plight ;
And what's the greatest pity,
It caus'd my death one direful night,
And so—here ends my ditty.
1831.

ON SACRED SUBJECTS.

“HAVE YOU A FRIEND?”

A FRIEND ! A word of sweeter sound,
Has never reach'd mine ear ;
It has a charm to soothe the wound
Of cankering care and fear.

A friend ! Ah, yes ! I have a friend
In regions fair and high ;
To whose attentions there's no end,
Who listens to my cry.

A friend ! Aye, one I hope to meet
In future days above ;
To sit for ever at his feet,
And glory in his love.

1830.

“ FAINT, YET PURSUING.”

JUDGES, VIII. 4.

**“ MY course on Zion’s heavenly road,
Already tho’ begun,
My anxious bosom bears a load,
And clouded is my sun.**

**“ Assail’d on every side by fears,
Hope’s influence sweet withdrawn ;
I sigh, I groan, and many tears,
I shed from early dawn.**

**“ My journey is a dreary one,
And weary are my feet ;
But fainting tho’, I struggle on,
A glimpse of hope to meet.**

**“ I all my dreams of earth forsook,
That I might heaven pursue ;
And backward now I dare not look,
Whatever may ensue.**

“ Let wildest tempests o’er me blow,
 And thunders loud appal ;
 Jehovah bids, and I must go,
 Tho’ sev’n times I may fall.

“ My Father’s home I’ll keep in view,
 As onward still I’ll press ;
 Tho’ faint I be, I must pursue,
 And surely He will bless.”

As thus the faithful Christian cries,
 And upward looks to pray,
 He feels new vigour as he flies,
 And Hope’s refulgent ray.

“ O haste thee on,” his Lord replies,
 “ Hardships still enduring ;
 “ O haste away to reach the skies,
 “ Fainting, yet pursuing !”

1832.

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

BEYOND the dim twinkling of yonder pale star,
And beyond the blue welkin, O far, very far,
Where the Lamb on his great sapphire throne doth shine,
There, there is my home, yes, the home I'd call mine :

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

How effulgent His light who illumines that home.

In concert with harpings the Seraphim sing,
With music's rich cadence heav'n's high arches ring ;
How exalted the strains that resound thro' the dome
Of those mansions above—the saint's blessed home :

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

How transcendent the joy pervading that home.

The period advances, and soon it may come,
When the friends gone before shall welcome me home ;
Already their laurels of glory they've won,
And have join'd the redeem'd who wait round the throne :

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

O ! would I could taste of the bliss of their home.

Nor sorrow, nor sin in their bosoms can dwell,
 But words of deep rapture their choruses swell ;
 O could I but join them—that blest throng above ;
 I'd triumph with them in the wonders of love :

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

O teach me your songs ye bright dwellers of “home.”

Prepare me, blest Saviour ! to enter that home,
 Where none but the sheep of thy pasture can come ;
 As one of thy fold let me draw near thy seat,
 And cast all my hopes, cares, and joys at thy feet :

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

All glory to thee, thou great Lord of that home.

1833.

“O THAT I HAD THE WINGS OF A DOVE !
 FOR THEN I WOULD FLEE AWAY
 AND BE AT REST.”

HAD I the pinions of a dove,
 Oh ! I would flee away,
 Far from these scenes, to realms above,
 Where bliss holds endless sway.

My own belov'd sleeps in the grave,
 My father—where is he ?
 He's pass'd o'er Jordan's rolling wave,
 To immortality.

And here, alas ! I mourn and weep,
 My heart is desolate ;
 My joys by gone so pure and deep,
 No more can gild my fate.

But sweet 's the thought—a time will come,
 When pinions will be giv'n ;
 Then leaving my terrestrial home,
 I'll soar away to heav'n.

When thickening clouds and tempests lower,
 And darkness hovers round,
 I hear a voice of quickening power
 A low, deep, thrilling sound.

Methinks it whispers, “ Wait the day
 “ With patience—soon 'twill come—
 “ When death's cold hand shall ope the way,
 “ That leads to thy fair home :

"All things are working for the best,
 "And prove thy Maker's love ;
 "Soon shalt thou flee unto thy rest,
 "On pinion's of a dove."

**"BRING MY SOUL OUT OF PRISON, THAT
 I MAY PRAISE THY NAME."**

JEHOVAH great ! to thine empyrean throne,
 I lift a supplicating eye ;
 Look down upon thy child, thy trembling one,
 And yield an answer to my cry :
 From every slavish fear, O set me free,
 And praise unceasing I will render thee.

There's guilt upon my soul ! it will not hence,
 Without thy pow'rful aid depart ;
 O ! plunge me in the blood of Christ—'tw'll cleanse
 From sin, and purify my heart :
 Thou great High Priest ! wilt thou atone for me ?
 Then glory, honor, praise I'll render Thee.

My wayward heart is prone to be beguil'd,
 By each delusive meteor's ray,
 To that broad flowery path, where thousands wiled
 By phantoms, tread a hopeless way :
 From such illusions, Lord ! deliver me,
 And I'll adore and render thanks to Thee.

Full oft I've groan'd within affliction's cell,
 And long a pensive mourner been ;
 O look in mercy on my bosom's swell,
 The struggles caus'd by sorrows keen :
 And from this gloomy prison set me free,
 That I may render joyful thanks to Thee.

My faith is weak—if e'er in unbelief,
 Assail'd by fearful doubts I sink,
 O hasten, gracious Lord ! to my relief,
 And save me from perdition's brink :
 From awful unbelief deliver me,
 And praise unbounded I will render Thee.

And O' ! whenc'er my ebbing sands are run,
 And all life's hopes have glided by,
 O glorify thyself in thy blest Son,
 And shine on me effulgently :

Receive my soul when from this clay set free,
And praise triumphant I will render Thee.



“LORD! ALL MY DESIRE IS BEFORE THEE,
AND MY GROANING IS NOT HID
FROM THEE.”



SAVIOUR! for weary years,
I've bow'd full low before thy throne of grace,
And sought the radiant beamings of thy face
With bitter tears.

Thou hid'st thyself—ah! why?
Within me all is cold and rayless as the tomb:
Arise, bright Sun! and dissipate the gloom
Benignantly!

I seek for bliss in Thee;
I may not find it where the despot sin
His empire holds—my heart his throne has been;
And woe is me!

For holiness I sigh !
 O to be pure ! O to be sanctified !
 Like the fair white-rob'd spirits glorified !
 Lord ! hear my cry.

Of thy transcendent love
 This boon, the boon of holiness I crave ;
 Thou who didst bleed from sin's dire curse to save,
 Hear from above.

And in thy rightcousness
 Enrobe my soul ! for immortality
 Prepare me ! then, O then, triumphantly,
 Thy name I'll bless.

• ~~~~~

“ FOR I AM GOD, AND NOT MAN.”

FATHER ! I've been a wayward child,
 A wand'ring, a rebellious one ;
 In folly's mazes oft been wil'd ;
 From good averse, to evil prone :

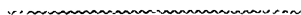
But thou with all my sins hast borne,
 With gentle hand applied the rod ;
 And tho' 'twas fitting I should mourn,
 Thou'rt gracious still ! But thou art God !

No earthly father aye could bear,
 A graceless child's ingratitude ;
 But I have ever prov'd thy care,
 In every dark vicissitude :
 O ! blessings have been shower'd on me ;
 Yet, cold—c'en like the senseless clod,
 What have I render'd back to thee
 That still thou'rt kind ? But thou art God !

Thy wondrous love—unparallel'd—
 To awful woe thy Son consign'd
 At which humanity had quail'd :
 And the Divinity—enshrin'd
 In this frail tenement of clay,
 Life's thorny path unshrinking trod
 To death ! sprinkling with blood the way
 To mercy's sway ! But “ He was God ! ”

Oh ! then, in honor of thy Son,
 The holy glorious sacrifice,

Who for our souls thy favors won—
 Still loving-kindness exercise :
 O ! still my numerous sins forgive,
 Apply a father's chastening rod ;
 My many wants, O ! still relieve,
 And bless me still ! For thou art God !
 1840.



PRAISE GOD ON HIGH.

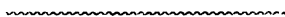
TO THE TUNE OF " GOD SAVE THE KING : " WRITTEN
 FOR AND AT THE REQUEST OF G. W. B. ESQ.



THERE'S music in the sky—
 Harps of deep melody—
 Praise God on high !
 I'd magnify his love :
 Ye bright-rob'd saints that move,
 Around his throne above,
 Breathe on my lyre.

Love of transcendent worth,
 Has bless'd me from my birth—
 A worm of earth !
 Tho' nothing I could claim,
 To me belong'd but shame,
 Till Christ my Lord became—
 My righteousness.

Be glorious honors thine,
 Redeemer ! Friend divine !
 Let grace be mine :
 Whate'er I have below,
 Whether of weal or woe,
 Thy love still may I know,
 And Thee adore.



HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.



AMONG ten thousand, Chief art thou !
 Of earth's mould some claim beauty rare,
 Before whose shrines adorers bow ;
 But Thou'rt incomparably fair.

Thou'rt Sharon's odoriferous Rose !
 Surpassing Eden's sweetest flowers ;
And none so rich and lovely blows
 In Paradise's blooming bowers.

And Thou'rt the Lily of the Vale !
 Whose cooling healing leaves supply
Ethereal balm—which may not fail—
 Distilling virtues from on high.

Thou art the Bright and Morning Star !
 To burst forth in a glorious light,
When not a beam, or near or far,
 May bless the weary pilgrim's sight.

O Fairest ! be my friend benign ;
 Rich Rose ! thy fragrance shed on me ;
Sweet Lily ! heal my soul ; and shine,
 Bright Star ! on me resplendently.

1841.

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PROMISCUOUS SUBJECTS.

GIVING OURSELVES TO GOD.

WHAT sweet emotions filled my mind,
What holy peace and love,
For I had left the world behind,
And placed my hopes above.

My sister and the friend I loved,
On each side of me stood ;
Together, as we onward moved,
We gave ourselves to God.

And now, our Father, give some sign—
A pledge to shew our sins forgiven ;
O set thy seal that we are thine,
Entitle us to heaven.

And O ! so long as life be spared,
 Let us three love each other ;
 With fond affection let our hearts
 Be always knit together.

1831.

“ TO MEMORY DEAR.”

INTENDED TO DESCRIBE MY MOTHER'S FEELINGS ON
 THE DEATH OF MY INFANT SISTER SOPHIA.

How many trials I have known,
 And bitter changes I have seen ;
 Thro' many painful scenes I've gone,
 And mourn'd beneath affliction keen :
 O ! once I had a beauteous child—
 That thought has cost me many a tear ;
 Its lovely looks so sweet and mild,
 Are even now “ to memory dear !”

Ah ! who can know a mother's heart ?
 Or aught like consolation give ?
 Can human beings aid impart ?
 Or bid the drooping spirit live ?

Long did I mourn beneath the smart,
 And pin'd and murmur'd long, I fear ;
 For cruel death did from me part,
 The little babe "to memory dear!"

But, O my God ! forgive me now,
 If e'er I pin'd in discontent ;
 I would in resignation bow,
 For thou didst smite with good intent :
 Thou hast been kind ! thy holy word,
 Has comfort—pleasure giv'n me here ;
 And while I live, thy goodness, Lord,
 Shall ever be "to memory dear!"

1832.

MY FATHER'S DYING DAY.

THE morning was fair, and all nature serene,
 But gloom enshrouded each heart ; [scene,
 And tho' friends some there were who gaz'd on the
 Yet none could solace impart.

We mournfully hung over one whom we lov'd,
 For death had made him his own ;
 A husband—a father, alas ! was remov'd,
 And our dearest friend was gone.

We gazed on his face—placid beauty was there,
 All tumult was seen to cease ;
 And O ! never in life had it seem'd so fair,
 As when all was hush'd in peace.

It was then that we felt o'erwhelming sorrow,
 And were by its billows tost ;
 As orphans, alas ! we look'd for the morrow,
 And wept for our treasure lost.

Our mother, too, bitterly felt the keen smart,
 For she mourn'd a widow's woe ;
 But she bow'd to the stroke, and gave her heart,
 To Him who had dealt the blow.

Fast flow'd *then* our tears, as the tribute of love :
Now grief is mingled with joy ;
 We look for re-union in heaven above,
 And a bliss without alloy.

REMINISCENCES OF MY DEAR FATHER.

'Twas sweet to feel my father's gaze,
To see him when he smiled ;
To hear his melting voice exclaim,
 " God bless my own dear child !"
And side by side to bow with him,
As in impassion'd pray'r,
His ardent soul was breath'd to heav'n,
Aspiring to be there.

'Twas sweet to see him lift his eyes
To yon ethereal dome,
And gaze with rapture on the sky—
The saint's celestial home ;
While many a holy lesson fell
On mine attentive ear ;
Oh ! hoarded deep within my heart,
Are all those lessons dear.

'Twas sweet to listen to his tales—
To foreign lands he'd been ;
And he could tell of warrior's deeds,
Of noble sights he'd seen :

His wit, the treasures of his mind,
 A rich and varied store,
 My childish ear would fascinate ;
 But now the spell is o'er.

'Twas sweet to walk with him at morn,
 O'er Nature's glowing scene,
 Of verdant trees and golden fields,
 All glittering in their sheen :
 To cull his favorite fragrant flowers,
 All blooming fresh and fair ;
 To hear the warbling notes of birds,
 Their music in the air.

But 'tis heart-breaking now to feel
 That these are by-gone things ;
 That all these sweets are passed away,
 On time's full fleeting wings :
 And yet 'tis sweet, midst bitter tears,
 To think they shall again,
 Spring up in glorious realms to bloom,
 Unmarr'd by sin or pain !

1840.

LINES FOR THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

LADIES fair ! and gentlemen grave !
Will you adorn my Album, pray ?
'Tis but a trifling boon I crave,
You will not surely say me, nay.
Those of you that can draw with ease,
Do sketch some fine romantic views ;
Or take your brushes, if you please,
And paint in variegated hues
The gorgeous tulip, rose so fair,
Or lilies delicately white,
Or foreign birds of beauty rare,
With starry plumage glittering bright.
Some court the muse, sweet poesy,
Of them my blank leaves seem to ask
A sonnet or a symphony :
Does this too much your goodness task ?

Sweet are the gentle strains that tell,
 Of friendship and of constancy ;
 Of loving friends remember'd well,
 Tho' parted far by destiny.

Let pencil, paint, and pen combine,
 To decorate this Album mine ;
 And many thanks shall then be due,
 And courteously be paid to you.

1840.



LINES

WRITTEN IN AN HOUR OF PAINFUL RETROSPECTION.



BE still, be still, my throbbing heart ! be still !

Ah ! cease too vivid memory

Those retrospections, that my bosom thrill,

With anguish e'en to agony.

It may not be : Can I forget him e'er—

My love ! he who was once mine own ?

In whom was centred all I held most dear,

With whom my sweetest hopes are flown ?

Ay! blighted are my hopes! I fondly thought,
 In weal and woe we yet might tread
 Life's halcyon paths—and share with each our lot
 Of human ills: that hope is fled!

And he is gone! he who was gentle—kind!
 He ever lov'd me fondly—well!
 O! in my bosom's deep recess enshrin'd
 This thought for aye shall treasur'd dwell.

O mem'ry! mem'ry! what a wildering train
 Of bygone things dost thou revive;
 Of blissful hours I ne'er must know again:
 Must thou the wreck of all survive?

How yearns my heart to hear the wonted strain,
 The kindly that erst met my ear;
 O! that but once—once more, but once again,
 I might those gentle accents hear.

I dream of them: Methinks I see his eyes
 With soft affection beam on me;
 I stretch my arms—the dear illusion flies—
 I wake to sad reality.

Reality, how dark ! but hush my heart—
 My wildly beating heart—be calm !
 “ He whom the winds obey,” may yet impart,
 To soothe thy wounds, a heavenly balm.

O wilt thou, wilt thou, Saviour dear, dispel
 The murky gloom that shrouds my soul ?
 And hush to peace my bosom’s heaving swell ?
 The billows stay that o’er me roll ?

In desolation deep, regard me now !
 Tho’ mourning, I no more repine ;
 Submissive at thy feet I trembling bow,
 And all my will yield up to thine.

O ! would to God that I could realize,
 That this mysterious stroke was given
 In loving kindness : wouldst thou sympathize
 With the poor heart that thou hast riven—

Then tho’ my lov’d—my bosom-friend be gone,
 Thou shouldst be dearer still to me :
 Ah ! leave me not in this bleak world alone,
 Be thou my sole felicity.

1838.

GRIEF.

I CANNOT bear to hear his name,
When thoughtlessly they speak of him ;
Their careless words thrill thro' my frame,
And bitter tears my eyes bedim.

I loved him—ay, devotedly,
As fond true woman only loves ;
O ! he was all the world to me—
How could I think of death's removes !

I heard him with expiring breath,
Pour out his heart's deep love to me ;
I saw his sweet eyes glaz'd in death,
And o'er him groan'd in agony.

Since—weary years have pass'd away,
Yet, in my faithful memory,
His looks, his smiles shall live for aye,
His words of love shall treasur'd be.

But 'tis too much to hear his name,
 When thoughtlessly they speak of him ;
 Their careless words thrill thro' my frame,
 And bitter tears my eyes bedim.

1840.

FAREWELL.

THERE is a word—a mournful sick'ning word—
 With keen emotions it is ever heard,
 When bosom friends—the loving and the true—
 With streaming eyes each other bid adieu.

'Tis heard with bitter anguish and despair,
 By the devoted wife bow'd down with care ;
 When breath'd, alas ! amid convulsive throes :
 The consummation 'tis of all her woes.

It rings upon her lonely ear the knell,
 Of her sweet hopes and joys—the word Farewell ;
 She hears it in the whisp'ring winds that sigh,
 And reads its import in the glossy eye.

Have I not felt the pangs, the bitterness
 Compris'd in that sad word, with hopelessness ?
 Ah, yes ! *Farewell* yet lingers on mine ear,
 As breath'd in tones I never more shall hear.



STANZAS.



KIND voices ! kind voices ! once sweeter to me,
 Than the soul-melting cadence of minstrelsy ;
 Kind voices that melody breath'd on mine ear,
 Your magic has ceas'd my sad bosom to cheer.

Kind faces ! kind faces ! I once lov'd to see,
 Your glances were brighter than starlight to me ;
 When laid on the bed of affliction and pain,
 I sigh, and I yearn for your beamings in vain.

For now hush'd are the voices of witchery,
 And cold are the faces that beam'd love on me ;
 Hush'd, alas ! in the grave, and cold in the tomb,
 Are the voices, the faces could banish my gloom.

THE MINISTERING SPIRIT.

“ MOTHER ! sweet mother ! O do not weep ! ”

Soft fell the words on her lonely ear ;
She started up, for the voice so deep,
Was the well known voice of one full dear :
Yes, passing dear to that mother reft,
Had been her boy ere the world he left.

“ Mother ! sweet mother ! O do not weep !

I come in the dark deep shades of night,
Over thy couch my vigils to keep ;
I may not be seen by mortal sight,
But sent by our God to comfort thee,
A ‘ ministering spirit ’ I may be.

“ Mother ! sweet mother ! Ah weep not so !

I come from the viewless world and bright :
The purest, translucid streams there flow,
And the sun sheds not his burning light,
Nor the silvery moon her soft cool ray ;
Yet all is effulgent light and day.

“ Mother ! sweet mother ! still dost thou grieve ?

The dwellers above may know not care ;
 Their rapturous joys thou canst not conceive ;
 No sigh is heard, nor a tear seen there ;
 But our harps of gold we tune on high,
 To songs that peal thro’ the vaulted sky.

“ O, then, sweet mother ! weep not for me !

Earth may not yield thee a joy or rest ;
 But soon in the land of peace thou’lt be
 With thy own lov’d boy for ever blest :
 I’ll hover nigh till thy life be o’er,
 Then bear thee away to weep no more.”

1839.

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE UTTERED AT A
 MOTHER’S GRAVE.

HUSH, ye winds ! do not so rudely blow,
 For here my fond mother sleeps ;
 ’Neath this verdant turf they’ve laid her low,
 And here the lone orphan weeps.

Hush ! O hush ! let your howling blasts cease,
 Disturb not her gentle rest ;
 Her mourning voice has now sunk to peace,
 That once but sorrow exprest.

Ah ! wake her not to this world again,
 For, alas ! it is too unkind :
 Now sooth'd is the heart that throb'd with pain,
 And calm'd is the troubled mind.

But the orphan's heart—'tis desolate !
 Ah me ! who will sympathize ?
 Or what kind hand will alleviate,
 The woes I must realize ?

I have heard of One who does not scorn
 The poor—the lonely outcast :
 I have heard he comforts the forlorn,
 In his mansions fair at last.

I've heard, too, long since of Him who died ;
 And on this I've often mus'd :
 But vague are the thoughts that through me glide,
 And my mind is dark—confus'd.

Who shall fill up this chasm within ?
 The mist from my soul remove ?
 Who teach me to know the thing that's sin ?
 And to know the God of love ?

O that I might find him !—where art thou ?
 Father of th' unhappy !—where ?
 Canst thou regard me in trouble now ?
 And heed my sorrowful prayer ?

Low while in dust before thee I kneel,
 One glimmer of light impart :
 That Saviour who died to me reveal,
 And instruct me what thou art.

Clear my darken'd perceptions of Thee,
 Thou Great One ! thus condescend ;
 And all that I know not, teach thou me,
 And be the poor orphan's friend.

Then no more shall I bitterly grieve ;
 I'll take up a song of praise :
 Let me the boon of thy love receive,
 And I'll bless thee all my days.

MY FATHER.

“ O that my pilgrimage were o’er !
And landed safe on Canaan’s shore :
O would I were with thee !”

H. E. PAGE.

THY wish is realized, and thou art blest,
In yon resplendent starry sphere ;
O that with thee I were in heavenly rest,
Or thou, to bless me, still wert here !

Thou’rt happy, father ! while thy once lov’d child,
Is struggling with her load of woes ;
And while *her* bosom throbs with anguish wild,
Thine with extatic bliss o’erflows.

O father ! in my childhood’s sunny days,
I little dreamt of future ill ;
How could I think thy passionate deep gaze
Would e’er grow cold ? thy voice be still ?

Its cadence sweet yet lingers on mine ear—
 Thy tones of dulcet harmony :
 Alas ! they never more with wonted cheer
 Shall soothe or wile a woe from me.

Eventful—sad reverses I have seen,
 Since thy fond blessings I received ;
 I've often groan'd opprest with sorrows keen,
 For I have doubly been bereav'd.

Ere yet my youth was pass'd, 'twas mine to know
 The withering blight of hopes so fair ;
 To feel in all its pangs a widow's woe,
 And the dire weight of unshar'd care.

O father ! father ! vainly do I pine
 For thy own tender shelt'ring love ;
 For soothing, soft endearments such as thine —
 O that I were with thee above !

'The holiness of heaven—its joys refin'd—
 Its balm of rest I long to prove :
 And O ! I pant to have my pow'rs of mind,
 Absorb'd in my Redeemer's love.

“ O that my mournful pilgrimage were o’er !”
 That Jordan’s waves were roll’d on me !
 And landed safe on Canaan’s peaceful shore—
 Father ! I would I were with thee.

1838.

BY-GONE DAYS.

“ THE days of our life full swiftly they wane ;
 “ They glide from our grasp and they flee :
 “ Would you—would you live your life o’er again,”
 Ask’d a black-eyed maiden of me.

My heart, it said, Yes ! I thought of the time,
 When I bounded along with glee ;
 And join’d in the sports of a sunny clime,
 Or play’d on my dear father’s knee.

I thought of that father’s passionate love—
 Of my mother’s kiss and caress—
 Of the innocent joys that children prove,
 When nothing the mind can depress :

Of the time when in some sweet rural spot,
 'Neath the trees of emerald green,
 Our picturesque group, like a fairy knot,
 Admired the departing sun's sheen.

While a soft tiny hand perchance would learn
 To sketch off a beautiful view ;
 Or the wonderful tale was told in turn,
 And wild legends of goblins too :—

Or we carroll'd a sweetly simple strain,
 Or cull'd the gay woodland flow'rs :
 And I murmur'd then—" Would I not again,
 Live over those innocent hours ?"

Ah, yes ! when such thoughts in a sweeping train,
 Thro' this bosom come rushing by,
 I long with yearnings—intense as they're vain,
 To live o'er the years of infancy.

But I would not—no, no ! I'd not recall, *
 My sorrows and my agonies :
 No, not for the world—for its pleasures all,
 Would I live o'er my times of these.

And it may not be ! Oh it may not be !

A life tissued with sin and pain—

It is good, and 'tis God's all-wise decree,

That we live it not o'er again.

1840.



ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I.

I'm deep, yes deeper than the deepest dell,
My hidden mysteries none may dare to tell :
All say they know me—'tis in slight degree,
For few there are who truly fathom me :
My brilliant virtues there's no need to name,
And my sad frailties I shall not proclaim.
Why—ask you ? these with truth could I describe,
I should be quarrel'd with by half your tribe.
I sometimes am with gold and silver bought,
In which case, trust me, I'm not worth a thought.
I know my destin'd master at a glance,
And when enslav'd, with joy begin to dance.
No more—What am I ? Say, ye ladies fair,
And you, wise gentlemen, my name declare.

ENIGMA II.

I AM above your sight, but always near ;
 With sharpest steel you give me cuts most queer :
 O man ! your cruelties will never cease ;
 For were I to luxuriate wild in peace,
 I'd bring unwittingly upon you shame,
 And hence be subject to your endless blame.
 Woman, dear tender woman, loves me best,
 And yet she tortures me ! O love's strange test !
 But oftener she is gentle, and she tends
 My health and strength and ever me befriends :
 I am her glory—and by nature's rules,
 I equally protect both kings and fools.
 I'm oft the subject of the Poet's song,
 And as a relic fondly hoarded long.
 Lift up your eyes—you'll see me not, I say,
 Yet I'm above you—that's as clear as day.

ENIGMA III.

MY first^t you will find in the *coral* red,
 My next is the last but one letter in *head*,
 My third is in *tin*—a metal but dross—
 And my whole is like to a woman cross.

ENIGMA IV.

WHAT is that found in every habitation ?
 A luxury it is—a comfort—and what not ?
 The best specific for a hot vexation.
 Each day revolving sees it in your presence brought :
 Run o'er my hints—for here's the termination.

ENIGMA V.

I **STEAL** the azure of the sky,
 The jet of raven's wing ;
 The brilliance of rich gems outvie,
 And all my praises sing.

I have a language all mine own,
 Unutterable—deep ;
 The towering monarch on his throne,
 May feel its power and weep.

None may disown my magic sway ;
 I'm dear to human kind :
 Tho' traitor-like I oft betray,
 The secrets of the mind.

My fierceness makes the timid quail,
 Quickening each pulse within ;
 My wildness turns the ladies pale,
 My softness lovers win.

I'm your companion, reader dear,
 Yet, 'tis impossible
 To see your face—and I'm tho' near,
 To you invisible.

ENIGMA VI.

No human imperfections stain my name,
 Nor can insidious sickness seize my frame.
 Search the vast world—there's none with me can vie,
 In faultless wonderful fidelity.
 I flatter neither doting age nor youth,
 Consult me when they will, my strain is truth.
 Nor lords nor ladies with my aid dispense ;
 I'm found oft-glittering in magnificence
 In palaces—and in the lowly cot
 I am possess'd by some of humble lot.
 The beautiful—they gaze and gaze on me
 Till their hearts bow e'en in idolatry.

The empty-pated in me pleasure find,
And my reflexions fill the coxcomb's mind.
A fav'rite with the vainest class of men ;
I'm shunn'd but by a few for reasons plain.
You who in penning answers are *au fait*,
Make haste to solve me—what am I? O say.
